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HISTORY OF "M" COMPANY, 357TH INFANTRY—1917-1919



Conrad H. Marshall, author of
"Marshall's World War Souvenir"

By Conrad H. Marshall
1919

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This book is respectfully dedicated in tender and loving remembrance of Captain Harry E. Windebank, who led us so valiantly; and of others who bled and died, fighting as they were led.

I.

Life cannot be measured by its days,
Nor yet be numbered by its woes and ways;
But just as those whose lives have paid,
Ne'er will they nor their glories fade.

II.

Life with all its trials and difficulties sore,
Bothers not those gone on before;
But with their going come a glory bright,
That's everlasting, which is only right.

III.

So then and now our praises ring,
And of their brave deeds do we sing;
Of the campfires, and close companionships,
Of the fights, their emotions and long tired trips.

IV.

Life is given us, but once to live,
And where more nobly could they give
Than on the battlefield of right,
Serving valiantly in Humanity's fight?

—Conrad H. Marshall.

PREFACE

This book has been written by me at the urgent request of my fellow Comrades-in-Arms and has been done in my own individual style—not from a standpoint of writing par-excellence, but in my own everyday manner of common conversation and story-telling. Therefore, if compared with other books, it does not come up to your ideal as a first class book, just consider the source, and be content, thinking that the writer has done the best he could, treating the subject in so limited a space, and as a historical and biographical story of M Company, relating some of its experiences from the beginning to the end of the Great War.

CONRAD H. MARSHALL,

September 13, 1919.

Ft. Cobb, Oklahoma.

OUR BATTLES (FRONTS)

ST. MIHIEL OFFENSIVE, twelfth to sixteenth of September, 1918

MEUSE-ARGONNE OFFENSIVE, nineteenth of October to eleventh of November, 1918.

OUR OTHER ENGAGEMENTS

VILLIERS-EN HAYE SECTOR, twenty-fourth of August to eleventh of September, 1918.

PUVENELLE SECTOR, seventeenth of September to tenth of October.

PUVENELLE SECTOR (PRENY OFFENSIVE), twenty-sixth of September, 1918.

PUVENELLE SECTOR (FARM SEBASTAPOL OFFENSIVE), twenty-third and twenty-fourth of September, 1918.

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OUR FIRST SCRAP

I.

Just past noon on the thirteenth of September,
That time we can all well remember,
We marched up the road in splendid array
Marching with determined intention all day.

II.

We reached the woods with railroad track small,
When all of a sudden we ran into a squall,
The German snipers had picked us out,
While we stopped, and them tried to route.

III.

We sent out a patrol up ahead of the line,
But sad to say we paid an awful fine;
Then we sent patrols to right and left
And chased the Boches back into the depths.

IV.

Still onward we pressed, though cautious, too;
We scouted the woods so hard to see through;
We fought snipers and machine-gun nests
Even though to us it was our very first test.

V.

But what cared we for such as that,
For had we not come five thousand miles to scrap?
Besides we were encouraged and guided, too,
By our War-worn commander, brave and true.

VI.

We cut barbed wire and scouted trees,
To see if onto any Boche we could freeze,
We advanced all the while in fighting style
Always being careful of zip-zap-file.

VII.

Soon there came the call of "First Aid,"
Yet because of that we did not fade
But pressing on with determination anew
We impressed the Boche as to "who was who."

VIII.

Onward, still onward, ahead we pressed,
Always being careful, and doing our best,
For bullets were coming thick and fast
Cutting the twigs over us as they passed.

IX.

After a while it began to grow dusk,
And either dig in or die for this we must;
Soon picks and shovels were piling the dirt
And not a man there thought to shirk.

X.

But as we were digging the bullets whizzed by,
Then once in a while a shrapnel burst nigh,
And only to dodge from shells did we stop,
But kept on working throwing the dirt on top.

XI.

As dark came on there was a hush
Which was partly accounted for by the brush;
We carried the wounded of the fight away,
And thus we finished our very first day.

XII.

And through the night, though weary, too,
Tho' alert we felt some sensations new,
We faced the darkness across "No Man's Land"
Intending to stay or die at our stand.

XIII.

Many were wounded, and some killed, sad to say,
But never was there a more victorious day;
We put them back to our "Objective" that night
In our first fight in the woods for the right.

XIV.

With the dawn of the morning we felt relieved—
Tho' no help in addition had we received—
For again we could see across "No Man's Land"
And take up our watch for the German band.

XV.

At times we could see them moving around,
Then we would let them know they were found;
And again the battle would quiet down
You'd never know an American was around.

XVI.

About nine A. M. we got a barrage,
A shell burst close by in its onward charge,
Cutting the top of a Beech completely out
While we were seeking cover by the shortest route.

XVII.

At noon-time fair in the sunshiny air,
We completed our tasks in a condition rare;
We were relieved soon after by machine-gun men
And they were soon at the Boche again.

XVIII.

But after their advance over the dark, damp ground,
There were "Beaucoup" Dutchmen lying around
So we knew we had done our share of the work
Even though no part had we tried to shirk.

—Written by Conrad H. Marshall.

September 26, 1918. First seven verses.
January 1—September 6, 1919. Remainder.



Hoisting Old Glory

HISTORY OF "M" COMPANY 357TH INFANTRY 1917-1919

ORGANIZATION AND EARLY TRAINING.

M Company was started September 5, 1917, at Camp Travis, Texas, and located close to Fort Sam Houston, which is north of San Antonio. It was the last Company of the Third Battalion, being one of the very best companies, and in a large sense a very important part of the 357th Regiment, this regiment being in its turn the first of the four regiments of the Ninetieth Division. The "Enviably 90th," according to the Daily Oklahoman. M Company, as part of the 357th Infantry, also had the honor of being one of the companies that spent seventy-five days under fire on the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne fronts, and was also in as many battles as any other company in the regiment.

M. Company's first officer was Lieutenant Harry E. Windbank, later our famous leader and captain, who met such a sad fate. He was followed in quick succession by Lieutenants W. L. Mays, T. E. D. Hackney, Otto G. Tumlinson, Gus G. Rosenberg, J. B. Sammons, Geo. L. Clarke, F. M. Cook, P. W. Everts, as fellow-officers.

The first enlisted men formed the company September 5, 1917, and these were Jewel Fullerton, John B. McVey, Jim Bible and later Earl Earl Young, Elijah Bass, Virgil Brown and John W. Havens. Until the draft of the nineteenth of September there was not a thing done in the way of drilling, but when the contingent from Jackson and Caddo counties arrived September 21st, midnight, after the usual round of preliminaries, the drilling and camp cleaning process began.

Few of us then realized just what part we were to play in the Great World War.

But we did come to the conclusion that if the finish was any worse than the beginning—and it was in many ways—that it certainly was going to be some war.

As I said before, we arrived at twelve, midnight and we were

then taken to the general incoming inspection rooms, up close to Divisional Headquarters, near the central part of camp, and there given the "once over;" from thence we were taken to "our new home," barracks, where each was given a blanket, mess outfit and a comb, etc., and told to pass around through the other part of the building to be checked, and then upstairs to bed on spring cots, which we slept on until our departure for --at that time we did not know where.

The following few days we received the usual amount of injections and injunctions, causing a lot of sore arms; and a trifle later, after being measured; some clothes came which were (apparently) to take us out of the civilian class indefinitely.

Indeed the sights to be seen on the afternoon that the soldiers' clothes were issued, the remarks heard and uttered, would have been worth listening to from the standpoint of humor and fun, and yet may I say many a sentence uttered proved to have more meaning than supposed for some of those who uttered them!

Of course when every one was fitted, then it was that we appreciated what individuality of dress was. Then it was that the transforming and changing of the mind and thoughts begin. But throughout our numerous and varied experiences since, we little realized just what it would mean in the real sense of the word, to be changed, as in the twinkling of an eye, from men, who in most cases were their own bosses and did about as they pleased, into men, who were to be guided and made into units and organizations that were to play such an important part in the great struggle, to take our places in the mighty force of the United States Army, of which we were only representatives of the people as such.

After our quarantine period was over then it was that we began to get bold and think about going to town. In order to do so, of course we had to have a pass, and I assure you it was no small matter to ask our top sergeant, Frank D. Dumont, an old army man, for a pass; but he later became a very good and devoted friend of those who tried to do the right thing for themselves and for the organization to which they belonged.

So with permission to visit San Antonio (little did the San Antonio people know what that city represented in the way of freedom!) we began to realize what our freedom of past days meant to us, who were to live different lives, think different thoughts and do different things from what we ever expected to do in all our lives.

Just so, said we, why worry what the next day is to bring, let us take care of today and tomorrow will take care of itself!

On October 4, 1917, another draft contingent came in from Kiowa and Comanche counties, all as before specified by the

War Department, Oklahoma men, because the 357th Regiment was to be made up of Oklahoma men exclusively. Owing to the fact that there had been quite a number of men transferred to other organizations we did not have as many members as at first, but when these came in on Sunday afternoon, the house was indeed full and they could only be accommodated at all by pushing the beds close together.

After the usual heretofore described routine, these boys soon were out drilling the same as the rest who had been there two weeks before them.

It was at this time, in our infancy as soldiers, that we begin to learn the fundamentals of army life, and to get an inkling of what it was to be governed by higher authority, and be submissive to it, in actions at least. But regardless of the fact that we were about to enter into a new and very momentous career in life, absolutely different and foreign from anything that we ever expected to do, the fact remains and it's a condition that the men are to be congratulated on, that there was invariably a strong desire for obeying and doing the right thing, that stood all the boys in good stead in time to come. This fact really accounted for the conduct of the company, generally, which sometimes meant honorable mention, for work well done, or for best outward appearance of men, or best drilling, etc., which helped to make every man appreciate the fact that they were glad to be in M Company, instead of in one of the other companies.

This period also was the testing time for leadership in drilling, which was being used to the utmost. Just as the flower blooms in perfect ease from the bud, just so the embryo leaders came to the front, some superior in drilling while others were superior in giving orders, as well as drilling.

Really it was remarkable just the attitude and make-up of the average man of the company, just how quick each changed his mode of life to one of a radically opposite nature.

However much of this there may have been, doubtless a great deal of it was due to the ready and willing leadership of our able captain and his immediate associates, both lieutenants and non-commissioned officers. Owing to the fact that the captain was an old army man, and as he had seen active service in the Philippines and elsewhere, his orders were founded on both theory and practice—he knew whereof he spoke.

And, proving that his judgment was good, he was acting Battalion Commander quite frequently, both at home and abroad. He it was who carefully selected the men who were to become and did become the backbone of the company, as long as there was one. We, as individuals or in our official ca-



Marshall Foch and General Pershing

pacities from the highest to the lowest, felt his guiding and directing hand, and the force of his foreseeing mind.

Yes, we thought at times that Captain Windebank was a little austere or perhaps a trifle too strict; and yet those of us who were fortunate to stay to the finish, realized the fact that his hard work and never failing oversight of us, had meant much towards the great success to which the company finally arrived, as a unit in a tangible fighting force.

We always had from the first, much less real trouble in our company than most other companies had, because "the ounce of prevention" was used instead of "the pound of cure" that seemed to be the prevalent practice in the other companies. So it was, through our leader's ideas and ideals, that we reached such high development as a fighting unit.

After about a month or so we got some rifles; then it was "Right Shoulder Arms" as well as "Squad Right, Squad Left," "Left Face and Right Face." Here it was that the double training, so to speak, came in. We learned that to think and do at the same time in this radically different line of work was something different but still the same idea prevailed; men soon learned to be good at the drill of "Manual of Arms" as in other things.

With all the hard work of this different character, we were allowed the privilege of spending a few hours in town on pass and those who really appreciated the fact of doing the best they could were allowed special passes—"Blue Passes"—signed by our famous grey-haired colonel—Colonel Hartman, also an army man of the old school, the school of long active service. The Colonel, we soon discovered, was a stickler for the best we had in us and he, too, helped us, through our leaders, to arrive at military efficiency.

Many of the pleasant evenings and afternoons the boys spent in "Recreation" down in the beautiful city of San Antonio which brought much into the men's lives that had been taken out by virtue of their position as soldiers, and away from home and loved ones. So here and now I want openly (in my meager way) to thank the generous people of San Antonio for what they did for the men of M Company in their many ways of entertainment, and education, and general uplift of spirits.

In a short time, in camp, we were having inspections, parades and reviews. As usual, when one is part of a larger whole, there is generally some work not liked by a few at least, and this in the Army seemed to be "Regimental Guard," yet it was only one of the "ounces" to prevent having to apply the "pound" method which we all came to see was the perfectly right principle, wherever applied, whether a large or small number of people were affected.

So time moved on in seemingly the same routine and monotonous way, and yet there were ever the new things coming up each day that had to be taught and learned, by us all; things that were only theory, but later became actual and practical experiences which saved lives at times, because we had been taught patiently and painstakingly the theory and facts, so indeed we were really grateful for the knowledge gained, if only in theory. Just so we were glad many times afterwards when we looked back to the times when we spent our time in the hills and on the rifle range at Camp Bullis. Our work at Camp Bullis, and getting there, as well as away from there, was many times repaid in after months, when we were on the march or at the front.

In the army as well as out of it, we have learned the value of a solid foundation and a basis of fundamentals to work from. Many of us were very much shocked when one morning we awoke, and realized that we were to hike—our first real hike—to Camp Bullis, twenty-one miles distant.

However, the first time we did not carry packs, but most everyone was tired out on arrival about 4:30 in the afternoon, after walking from 8 a. m. for fifty-minutes periods. As in most cases, our tired and sore feeling was about gone by the morrow and soon we were learning something of how the soldier lives in war time; which was later proven for a fact, and in the meantime the company was taken to the rifle range to learn how and to teach others, to shoot with the high-powered Enfield rifles which had been given us weeks before to learn to keep clean and handle. Now we were to be taught to shoot with them, which later on we found to be a real accomplishment as well as a very necessary one. Just with this new emotion and experience, as with the others, it was another factor of the complete whole: of what was to be a trained soldier.

Several among our men in the company became excellent shots and one, Daniel W. Parnell, afterward went to the A. E. F. Shoot to help represent the 90th Division, held at Le Mans, France, May, 1919.

After other trips to "Camp Bullis" with its hikes with packs, with its problems in the hills and its fun, etc., we were all much wiser boys in several respects, as well as physically better qualified to do the work and the drill of a soldier in training in the most efficient manner. We were getting our instruction in theory, practice and precept. So we could do nothing else except learn and help to teach others less fortunately situated, in the way of imagination and brain power and capacity of learning.

As the days fly now, so did they then, and before we knew it, it was in the late Indian summer, near Thanksgiving time.

We could not go home, so we had a veritable feast of every

thing that was good to eat almost. At least enough so that we ate all we could and had plenty left over besides, taking candy, apples, cigarettes and cigars away from tables with us. After Thanksgiving we began to appreciate how nicely built our barracks were, for people who were meant to live outside in the future. During the fall and winter, when snow would sift or blow in at the ventilators at comb of roof, we realized with particular vividness the forethought that the Army contractors had used in making the buildings perfectly healthy from the standpoint of fresh air, at least. Such mornings as these we missed Dad's Brussels carpet or Mother's old rag rug to step out on, when drawing on our trousers.

But after all we seemed none the worse for having to undergo such experiences, and material discomforts. And to add to this already "enough" displeasure, was the fact that the "physical drill" always came in for fifteen minutes each morning before breakfast for most of the men.

Yet those who got it—even if in an unwilling spirit—were helped just as much as those who took to it, like a duck to water. And many times afterwards we were thankful for the freedom from aches and tired worn-out feelings, because we had had this limbering-up regularly.

Eating? Yes, every one always ate all they desired, and some were so fond of eating they would miss a meal at camp to go down town and get something that they declared was really like what "Mother cooked at home." But for the most part, eating at Camp Travis was like eating at home, for we had pies, cakes, biscuits, doughnuts, apples, oranges, lemonade and desserts of many sorts and coffee—in twenty-gallon lots. In fact, we enjoyed plenty to build a solid and substantial foundation for the future soldiering. During the fall we lost Corporal Crispell and Corporal Milliken, who went to Officers' Training Camp at Leon Springs, and later they became Lieutenants.

During all this routine and this seemingly useless hard work we were keeping up our record as the best company in the regiment, so after all, our hard work and honest and earnest endeavor had gone for something.

We were very unfortunate at one time to be quarantined for a month, but happily we escaped by Christmas Day, which indeed was very welcome, after having been cooped up for thirty days in barracks, or around confines of barracks.

In such manner the cold weather came and went, and before we realized it, it had come to the early spring weather, and soon the smell of the growing and expanding things of nature and the peculiar odor of new turned ground greeted our nostrils. "How many things we would do if we were loose," we thought. How different it is to be, though!

About this time we lost Corporals Frank Galloway and B. W. B. Cooper, and Sergeants Morton C. Ert and Glenwood Hutton (commonly called by the boys "Major Hutton") also sent to the Officers Training School. With the advent of March we lost more men, in fact all men who were not wanted to make up the personnel of the company, including non-commissioned officers, clerks and mechanics.

These men, about thirty-five in number, were sent to fill up vacancies of the 28th, 35th and 82nd divisions, then getting ready to sail for France. Sad to say, too, as we found out later, many of those boys never saw our beloved America again, while many of those who did, came back crippled and wounded in body. At this time we busied ourselves making packing cases in number, and getting information concerning the shipping, etc., as we knew that we, too, would be departing soon. Along with this came the usual inspections, parades and reviews, which seemed to grow in number as the time for our departure drew near.

We were now training in bayoneting, throwing grenades, and the usual Squads Right and Left Shoulder Arms, to such an extent that we reached a stage where our superiors thought we would at least be able to protect ourselves.

Our company being almost depleted of privates, during the forepart of May, we received about a hundred men from Camp Dodge, Iowa, many of whom became non-commissioned officers afterwards. Immediately after their arrival and after complete equipment had been given them, there was another trip made to Camp Bullis to give the new men a chance to use the rifle range which they did, as well as work out a series of the squad, platoon and company problems in the hills, from a strategy standpoint.

Very soon after their return we received indefinite orders to the effect that we might get a definite moving order any time, which in reality was not long delayed, for in the course of a week or so, the date of June 10, 1918, was given out as our day to entrain for the "Land of Nowhere" as far as we had any definite information.

Then came the breaking of the ties of friendship that had been made in San Antonio, and the cessation of passes to town, to any great extent, up to the last day or so, when none to speak of were issued. Many of the Camp Dodge boys did not have an opportunity to see the city. Even before our definite entraining date was set, various opinions were expressed and passed about, as to our final destination, etc., etc., which, of course, were mostly guess work in the mouths of the larger majority, only a few really having any sort of an idea at all as to where we were bound for, even in the United States.

OUR VOYAGE OVER AND SECOND TRAINING EXPERIENCE IN FRANCE.

At any rate, after the various inspections, reviews and a lot of other hard work, on Monday afternoon, June 10, 1918, we entrained at 3:30 P. M., with the rest of the 357th Regiment, one battalion to each train, our battalion and section being the last of the regiment to leave Camp Travis. The time of actual leaving was exactly ten minutes after four o'clock. There was much cheering, shouting and racket. Our coaches were all Pullmans and as we were prone later on to make comparisons, we came to the conclusion that these were very luxurious indeed, for **common** soldiers. Many indeed, had never ridden in a Pullman sleeper before.

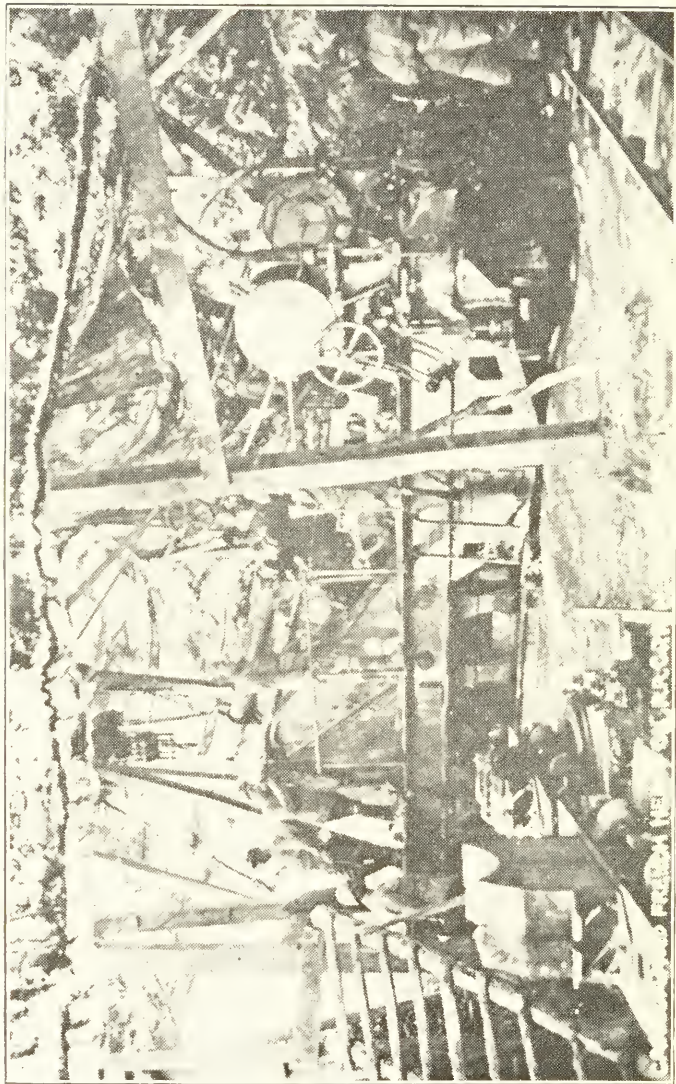
We first rode over the Southern Railroad to Paris, Texas, which by the way, has the distinction of being one of the hottest places in all Texas, as we know who got off the train there, and marched for about an hour through town. We were also served with refreshments by the American Red Cross, which gave to us most generously all the way to New York.

Leaving Paris, we were transferred to the Frisco Railroad and while on the Frisco we passed through St. Louis and then we were taken up through Indiana, transferring again to the Nickel Plate Railroad, on which we rode to Buffalo, New York, where we were given baths in the railroad yards. Leaving there on the Lackawanna Railroad, we were soon at the station in Hoboken, New Jersey.

Never were men cheered, greeted, waved at and prayed for as were we, along with the other thousands that went across.

Detraining at the Lackawanna station at 8:00 A. M., we boarded a boat, which had been sent there to meet us, to take us down the Hudson River, in plain view of the skyline of New York City and of the world's tallest buildings, a wonderful and novel sight for most of us. Continuing our trip up the James River, we finally landed at the Long Island Railroad Depot, where we boarded a train, that took us within walking distance of Camp Mills, where we finally arrived at 10:30 A. M., June 15, 1918.

We stayed at Camp Mills for four days, adding a few new men and getting our final clothes and equipment for our overseas journey and for field service. On the morning of June 19th we broke camp retracing our steps of the previous trip, and being taken to the loading-out pier, where the ship that was to take us across rode at anchor, the United States Steamship



Big French Gun, showing camouflage overhead.

Harrisburg, by name, previously the United States Steamship Philadelphia. We loaded on about 10:00 P. M., and steamed down the Hudson about 8:00 A. M., June 20, 1918.

A short time afterwards we were given orders to go below, so only those who happened to be located just right could see the wonderful Statue of Liberty that guards New York Harbor, which was given us long ago by the Republic of France, and which today idealizes Liberty more than ever. Once out and away from New York we were allowed to appear on deck, which we did gladly, for we desired to catch the last glimpse of the homeland shore, and of the metropolis, in the morning sunlight. On June 25, 1918, we were destined to know something of what rough seas meant after having had several days peaceful sailing through smooth blue waters. But with the coming of the rough weather, came also an indisposition to activity on our part. Many were inclined to lie down, weak in the pit of the stomach, and—if coming on deck at all, not to bother with anyone or anything much; and again once down below, to stay there, taking life as easy as possible, and trying—not always with success—to keep down what they had eaten. Some adopted the method of reclining on their bunks, some by eating all the pickles of various sorts they could get hold of, and others by eating all the chocolate candy and cakes they could buy.

The storm of the twenty-fifth proved to be a hard blow, and the sea became so rough that it hurt several guards on duty and tore down a guard's observation post.

Immediately on quitting sight of land, an extra guard was posted on all parts of the ship to look out for any suspicious sights of periscopes, etc., that might at any minute pop out of the water. But we were not privileged(?) to see any. However, one evening almost at sunset, the cruiser which was leading our convoy of thirteen ships scattered in a triangle shape point towards the warship, and guarded on all sides by torpedo destroyers, sighted something that looked suspicious and the cruiser made for it with full speed ahead, like a bulldog after a harmless kitten. Our convoy scattered and we men were sent below out of sight.

On boarding the ship, I should have said, each man was assigned a berth and a life preserver, both being retained until our landing at Liverpool on July 1st at 7:00 P. M. Every morning about sunrise the danger gong was sounded and we went up on deck by our raft (each one having a definite one to go to) and stood there for practice and until the supposed danger from submarines was over. The coast of northern Ireland we passed early on July 1st, seeing a dim outline of darkness which we made out as land. After having stood on deck for four solid hours we were allowed to move at will and do as we desired.

About 5:00 P. M. we entered the river, going up-stream to Liverpool, England, where we anchored for the night, and at

7:00 A. M., July 2nd, we landed and marched to depot, where we took the train to Southampton, England, arriving there about 6:30 P. M. We marched to the "Rest Camp," about three miles from the wharf, where we arrived at 11:00 P. M., and found some nice hard boards ready for us to sleep on. A soldier must expect such things.

The next day we were allowed to look over the town, and on the morning of July 4th we were examined finally for the "overseas" service. On the afternoon of July 4th—Independence Day at home—we marched to dock where we were to take a boat across the English Channel.

We left Southampton before sundown on a British ship and without any unusual happening arrived the next morning at La Havre, France. About 7:30 A. M., we unloaded and marched to a camp they called "Camp Rest"—an English Camp—but we called it "Camp Crowd 'Em" because we were obliged to put as many as fifteen men in a twelve-foot circular tent. We stayed here until the afternoon of July 5th, when we were on our way again. Marching to the depot at La Havre, about 10:30 we finally got provisioned in our "Miniature Pullmans" each accommodating by virtue of necessity, about thirty-six men, the cars being on an average about twenty feet long. The signs on the cars read "40 Hommes" or "8 Chevaux" (40 men, or 8 horses). After we finally became so tired that we were compelled to lie down we did so, but we were packed on the floor like sardines in a can. Thus we rode for two whole days, viewing the country and enjoying the ever-changing scenes, passing city after city, until we reached the city of Paris, which we skirted about 1:00 P. M. Sunday, July 7th. On Monday morning, July 8th, at 8:00 A. M., we arrived at Racey-Sur-Ourcq.

We detrained, and went up on the side of a hill by Racey, and put up our tents and thought we were going to stay for at least a day, but the same afternoon about four o'clock we started on our march to the place where we were to be billeted while in that part of France.

En route to St. Marc-Sur-Seine (Cote D'Or) we passed through what is termed the Alps of France, and indeed it certainly deserved the name, because the territory was certainly beautiful, with its castles and its natural scenery, of hills and dales and clear sparkling creeks. We arrived at St. Marc-Sur-Seine about noon, July 9th, and were fed by our own kitchen. Here we were billeted around in the various houses and came to know the French people as they really were—and to say the least, they treated us very nicely. So nicely, in fact, that they came to love us; for when we marched away they gave us farewell greetings with tears in their eyes, and a feeling in their voices that can't be put on; it certainly came from the depth of their hearts.

Soon the regular routine we had previously known was being carried out—drilling, bayonet practice, problems and the usual hikes that were preparing us for what was to follow. Aside from the work, we had the pleasure of visiting the small towns round about, taking walks along pretty piked roads, visiting castles and making friends and drinking wine, which some soon became very fond of. Here Lieutenants Mershon and G. A. DeLong came to us. On July 12th, Mechanic Conrad H. Marshall made a special trip by way of "Hob Nail Special," a distance of twenty-two kilos, or about fifteen miles to Aigny Le Duc, and carried back our first mail since arriving in France. We had had no letters since leaving Camp Travis, Texas, June 10th previous. Needless to say, most of the boys went into fits of gladness—especially those who were fortunate enough to have mail from home folks.

After a stay of a month and eight days in this place, we were marched away, the morning of August 17th, towards Ampilly-La-Sec, arriving there with the burden of full field equipment, and with very weary and spent bodies, at 1:30 P. M.

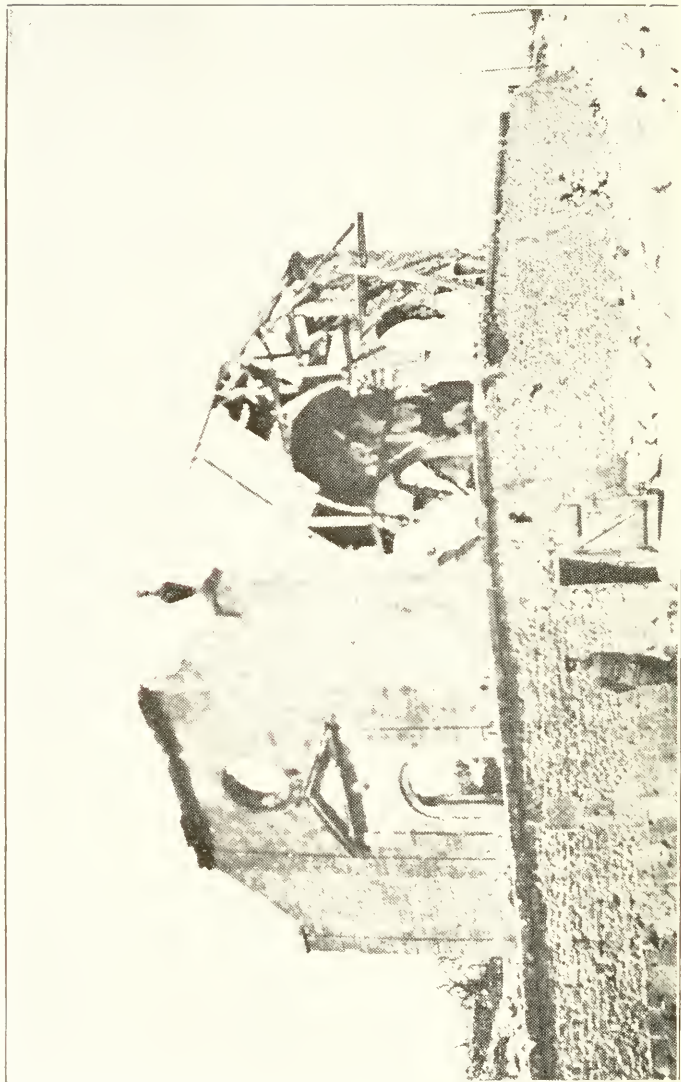
Previously the 10th Infantry had moved in, just back from the front, Soissons and Chateau-Thierry. They furnished band music for the evening's enjoyment of every one.

Next morning we started for Poicon, where we were to take the train up to the front to help fill up the gap. After dinner there we loaded on a train headed towards Chatillon-Sur-Seine. While waiting here, Captain H. E. Windebank joined us, after an absence of several weeks while away at school, at Chatillon-Sur-Seine.

Fate seemed to have pointed towards the St. Mihiel Front, so accordingly away we went, arriving at Foug, France, at 1:00 A. M., on August 19th, where we marched in the dead silence of the midnight hour to billets about two miles over the hills, to a little village called Luneville, reaching there 2:30 A. M.

At this place occurred the private scrap between Bill Havens (who was later gassed on the Bantheville front (Meuse-Argonne) and Harry Mowry. Bill Havens coming out winner with a few scratches and cut places on his face. Harry Mowry later took sick at Sassey-Sur-Meuse, and was transferred from the Company. While here at Luneville waiting for orders to march, we saw our first air fight.

We started for Franceville at 6:30 P. M., on August 20th, and after the usual few hours' march we reached the town about 1:00 A. M., and were billeted in houses and barns—which we welcomed gladly enough. Leaving there that evening at 9:00 P. M., we continued our march towards the front, and arrived at Martin Court about midnight, and there we were again billeted. From Franceville to Martin Court our packs were hauled, and some of the fellows lost their own packs.



Captured October 23, 1918 by K. Co. 357 Inf.

OUR ST. MIHIEL OFFENSIVE.

On the evening of August 21st we went up to relieve the Second Division, at what was known as Position No. 1, Saizaries sector, St. Mihiel front. While here Corporal Poole was gassed. Here we saw and heard our first German shells. We held this position eight days and moved back to Position No. 2, called "Camp Territories," being located about a mile northwest of St. Jean, France, upon a high hill overlooking the town. Here we practiced drilling with gas masks for an hour each evening. We also received our supplies and mail from Battalion Headquarters, which was located in St. Jean.

On the night of September 9th we moved five kilos (one kilo equals five-eighths mile) northeast of St. Jean, where we relieved Company L, 357th Infantry, spending the night in the woods for the first time.

Leaving this position on the night of September 10th, we moved farther up towards the front and located in the Foret-de-Puvenelle (Forest of Puvenelle) where we spent the remainder of the night, and the following day wading in the mud shoetop deep. During the night there came up a large group of the little "French Puppet" tanks, and located in the same woods that we were in. About three o'clock next day we got orders to get ready to move and that we would leave all supplies, equipment, overcoats, and extra blankets and other things, all such surplus being tied up in bundles, and marked as belonging to the separate men. William Miller was left to watch this baggage.

At 5:00 P. M. we had supper and sat waiting for orders to move. About dusk it began to rain and kept up a continual cold drizzle until midnight. By that time we were most of us wet to the skin, after standing there for six solid hours, for orders, without protection from the rain. At one o'clock, on September 12th (new time) the American Artillery barrage started making the most indescribable noise, and racket, with thunderous echoes, one ever heard. Those who listened to and looked upon this barrage heard something as well as saw a spectacle that will never be witnessed again by mortal man in all the years to come. Soon after the firing of the first guns, cannon on all sides of us, big, little, and apparently every kind, joined in. We moved out by platoons towards and to the right of Mamey, France, about one mile, and up to camouflaged road (which ran from Mamey to the front lines) and up the little narrow-gauged railroad track a little ways, and on through the

woods which brought us on the front lines a little to the west of Fay-en-Haye, which the Germans were still shooting at that morning, although completely in ruins. Each man knew a tremor of excitement, a comprehensible but intangible feeling of eagerness to take part in the fray.

We arrived opposite to the west of Fay-en-Haye about 7:00 A. M., as we were in the reserve battalion, and all the time though not so vigorously nor so persistently, our guns kept up a constant fire, only a little less than at the start, which was replied to, though feebly indeed, by the German guns. When it was light enough we could see the Allied planes flying overhead, low under the clouds and signaling back to our 75's which were doing most of the firing at this time. These guns were located about a mile south of Fay-en-Haye, in a series of specially constructed camouflaged caves, or dugouts with both ends open so they could do their work properly and efficiently. About a half mile to the north of Fay-en-Haye, "Carney Trench" was in evidence, and when we finally arrived there about 8:00 A. M., we had the first opportunity to see some of the work of a real fight.

About fifteen men of A Company appeared out of the trenches, shell holes, and little caves to receive medical attention, which was willingly given by our accompanying medical men, with the aid of some of the men of the Company. The men were wounded in every part of the body almost—eyes shot out, arms pierced, fingers blown off, ears cut and some had passed on "West" with the smile of **duty well done** on their countenances.

We remained in this position throughout the day, seeing aeroplane fights, resting and watching the German prisoners take back wounded Americans, guarded by American soldiers. It was while waiting in this position that we saw Lieutenant David E. Putnam, America's first ace, shot down by seven German planes.

At dark, M Company was sent to the rear to help bring up some engineering tools, returning at midnight. About seven o'clock next morning, September 13th, we received orders to move out from Carney Trench (where we had been for the last twenty-four hours) and up towards the front line to hold a position that was supposed to have been cleared out of Germans. After we had gotten our extra supply of ammunition for rifles, two extra bandoliers (about 120 rounds) we marched on up towards the front, past dead bodies of both Germans and Americans; the former being in predominance, as a sad reminder of the fight of the previous morning.

After marching till about 12:00 A. M. in a northerly direction along a road made by the Germans, we arrived at the cross-

ing of a small railroad track (our Company forming the guard); we had advanced about a hundred yards, when the advance guard was fired on suddenly; and so the Captain ordered a detachment out in front to find out what the trouble was, and who was doing the shooting. This detail was composed of Corporal Parnell, Corporal W. B. Milligan (who was shot dead by a German sniper) and Omar Churchwell. The sniper who shot Corporal Milligan was killed by one of our men.

When this shooting occurred we were ordered into the edge of the woods. Soon the company was divided up into platoons; and we followed along the road on both sides, as skirmishers. After we had advanced a hundred yards we had to cut barbed-wire entanglements and dodge machine gun bullets. Continuing further, with great difficulty, we crossed the small railroad track again, and there about a hundred yards further, we made our stand of the afternoon—the stand that cost us so dear in dead and wounded. But we had come to stay, come what might. Our casualties for the day were heavy, yet despite this fact, as the darkness drew on, we were the more determined to stand fast.

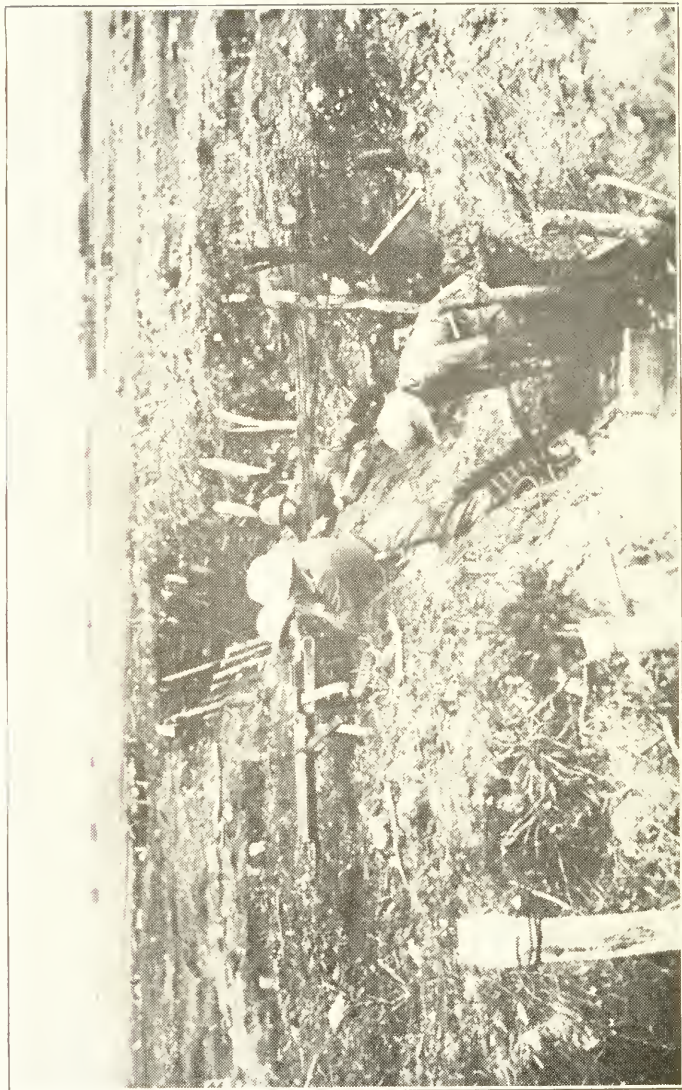
With the closing in of darkness most of the firing ceased, being renewed only intermittently. With the dawn of a new day came the easing up of our nervous tension, after our first night in front of No Man's Land. During the early part of the forenoon we were treated with a real American barrage which, sad to say, produced casualties also among us.

About 11:00 A. M., Sergeant McVey, Cook Nichols, Cook Bible, Barnes and Mountrieas cooked and brought up something to eat, the first supplies that we had had from the kitchen for about forty-eight hours; it was very welcome, too.

Many of our men were wounded in the first day's battle, among them Sergeant G. E. Young, who was the first man wounded, and not killed. He was in charge of a platoon until wounded. Among those wounded were C. M. Merrill, Ed Fenner, Charley Wilkey, E. A. Etzel, John Corcoran, W. B. Werts, and others, all fighting most manfully and valiantly for the cause in which they were engaged.

Among those who lost their lives here on that first day, were Sergeant John L. Geary, Amund Chase, M. A. Holland, E. G. Hicks, J. N. Moore, Gus Oberg, D. E. Enright, Dudley Evans, D. H. Scott, C. M. Hendricks, and they were buried close to the small railroad track near where they fell.

About 3:00 P. M. we were relieved, and moved back to a position southeast of Vieville-en-Haye, formerly occupied by the first battalion of the 357th Infantry. About this time Carl Meyers, F. B. Methvin, Alerick Sedbrook, E. K. Stow, and Ed



One of the Deadly German Machine Gun Nests

Kirwitzky were gassed, only Sedbrook joining the Company again.

On the night of the nineteenth we moved forward along the same ground that we had fought over on the thirteenth and fourteenth, to take up a position about a thousand meters north, held by G Company, of the 357th Infantry, known as the outpost line northwest of "Huitchamines."

In the slow drizzling rain and after a very hard and muddy march, we reached the position and stood silently by, until the platoons had been placed in position by the outgoing company, but the company commander decided not to withdraw until daylight on the following morning, so as a consequence we were more than crowded, we were stuffed into any hole at all that was to be had. But even with all the crowding in excess we nearly froze, as we were wet with sweat and rain, and it continued raining the whole night long—not a pleasant summer rain, but a deep piercing biting autumn rain. With the coming of the first morning light we were glad to get out of the holes, and stretch our numbed and chilled bodies and limbs.

We remained in this position from the night of the 19th to the night of the 23rd-24th of September, at which time the 358th Infantry was to pull off a night raid on Preny, a little to our right and north. Our standing orders were to "lay low" until further orders, which we did, until about 10:30 P. M., during a very terrific German barrage on us, we received a note from Battalion Headquarters saying that we were to move at once, going back to our old position just south of Vieville-en-Haye, where we had been previously stationed. Starting out with the guide who had waited we made our way through the black, black darkness, in single file, headquarters platoon leading, and other platoons following in their numerical positions.

After going in a northwesterly direction for about a mile, we turned suddenly in southeasterly down an old road towards St. Marie Farm. After almost reaching the farm buildings, the guide decided he was lost so we got orders to sit down and wait for further instructions.

While the men were seated or standing thus, a German shell fell close to one of the squads in the rear platoon and all the men were wounded, George R. Church mortally, dying soon after. It was at this time the call for "First Aid" sounded, and Mechanic Conrad H. Marshall reported with a stretcher, helping as best he could to get the wounded to a first aid station, and staying there until all men had been attended to. About that time Captain Windebank came up and wanted to know if he was through, to which he answered, yes, that every one had been taken care of. So the Captain said: "We are ready to move out, so let's go," which they did.

From this incident came his citation, recommendation of the D. S. C., by the Company Commander to Colonel Hartman, and the latter's changing such recommendation to one for "Medal of Honor," or so-called "Congressional Medal," and the receiving of a "Belgian War Cross" from the Belgian Government on May 25th, 1919, and the certificate of same on August 29th, 1919, he being the only man in Company M to be cited and receive a medal.

Lieutenant Everett's platoon, not being with us in this position, joined us the next morning. Lieutenant May's and Lieutenant DeLong's platoons were in the position named. As soon as possible, about 1:00 o'clock, A. M., September 24th, we moved off and were fortunate not to lose any more men in crossing the clearing, nor while making a run for the hill, which all the boys who made it that night will never forget, in the heavy shell fire that was going on.

We arrived in our position south of Vieville-en-Haye about 3:00 A. M. and huddled down in the partly dug, damp, cold trenches to keep warm as best we could and sleep if possible until the next orders to move came. Having moved suddenly we were without our own kitchen so were guests of another one stationed close by, without their consent, only officially, for the kitchens had orders from General Headquarters to feed a man who was hungry, regardless to what outfit he belonged. We remained here till about 9:00 A. M., and were again ordered up to our outpost position of the previous night's occupancy, and got dinner at our own kitchen at 1:30 gotten up by acting Mess Sergeant Alvin J. Vicars. About 2:00 o'clock P. M., we received orders to take up our reserve position back by Vieville again, so necessarily followed orders, arriving there about 4:00 P. M. where we tried to make things as livable as possible in the trenches that some other outfit was just leaving.

On the evening of September 25th we dropped back about a mile and a half further to the old German third line trenches and some German dugouts where we remained until October 1st, 1918, when we moved back for a rest (?) to "Junc Fontaine," where we were piloted by Company Runner F. E. Santineau.

We arrived at this place at 12 P. M. and were shown our billets by Sergeant Elijah Bass, who had gone down in the afternoon.

While there we had mail several times, having to walk five kilos after it, by the way. At this time we lost Corporal M. G. Kiser and A. W. Edwards to Officers' Training School. We were also recruited up with fifty new replacements. On the morning of the fifth of October we started back towards the front and occupied a position just a little south and west of Faye-en-Haye, close to "the Metz Bridge" in dugouts and

caves that had formerly been occupied by the men who had manned the 75's in the big St. Mihiel drive of September 12th previous. We remained in this position, resting, sleeping, reading mail, and doing salvage work, until the evening of the 8th, when we again went forward to take up positions held by the 1st and 2nd Battalions, about one thousand meters northwest of St. Marie Farm.

About 6:00 P. M., we started to the front, guided over No Man's Land (of some few days earlier) by Mechanic Marshall to Headquarters, where we were guided the rest of the way by one of the Battalion guides. We were loaded to capacity, three blankets, raincoats, two shirts (wool), two trousers, rifle, and other things; and it was raining, and we had a hill that we had to climb with about a 30 degree angle, about two hundred yards long, and as slippery as mud could be when it is being rained on constantly and used. You never saw such a tired lot of men in your life as we were, after we got to the top.

We arrived at Battalion Headquarters all wet and muddy and were sent, one platoon to each company from there. We finally got out of the beating rain, wet to the skin and hot from over-exertion, and lay down wherever there was any shelter at all, and glad of the chance.

After breakfast, about 9:00 A. M., Lieutenant Sammons told us that we would report back to Headquarters, down in the valley, as soon as we could get ready. We took our former position on the evening of the 9th, close to the Metz bridge.



Camouflaged German Machine Gun Nest. The hollow tree is built of solid steel.

CHANGE OF FRONTS; MEUSE-ARGONNE OFFENSIVE; AND THE ARMISTICE.

Next morning, at 5:00 A. M. on October 10th, we moved back, relieved by the Seventh Division to go to another front, which proved to be the Meuse-Argonne, west of Verdun, about twenty kilometers (twelve and a half miles). Enroute back we marched through St. Jean, Martincourt, Manonville, Domore-en-Haye, Tremblecourt, Manoncourt, Andilly, Sanzey, Lagney, Trondes, Pagny-sur-Meuse, Troussey and after a two days' march arriving at Vertuzey about 1:00 P. M., where we were billeted in barns and rested for about thirty-six hours. On the thirteenth we were on our way again.

Marching out a short distance we were loaded in Japanese trucks and wended our way through Commercy, Vandenville, skirted St. Mihiel, Dompcevrin, Wonnbey, Tilly-sur-Meuse, Ancemont, Lemmes, Bliercourt, then finally arriving in Camp de Sirvey (or as we called it "Camp-de-Mud") because of the mud that was so deep and slushy, due to the tremendous truck traffic going and coming, and being in the woods where the sun did not shine on it to dry it up.

Here Sergeant Jack Ferguson and Corporal Muldowney went away to Officers' Training School. While at "Camp-de-Mud" we received our Christmas Box Coupons, most of the same arriving at Junkerath, Germany, January, 1919.

On the morning of October 18th we broke camp again and wended our way in a northwesterly direction through the "Forest-De-Hesse" (Forest-of-Hesse) crossing "Deadman's Hill," where it was said a hundred thousand men had paid the penalty in all the battles fought there. A group of American negro engineers were making rock roads so that supplies could come up. It was literally the most forlorn, torn up and dilapidated looking place one can imagine, with its miles and miles of old trenches with their boards, caves, and holes into which you could drop a good-sized house, and trees which in 1914 had been beautiful large ones, three feet through, and every other size, torn to splinters. Stumps of trees were standing that had been shot off a few feet above the ground, or if higher with their broken and mutilated limbs hanging down, and the path which we went through on was like a snake's path, so rough and so crooked was it.

Many of the men fell out; they could not keep up at all, so steady was the gait and so hard to keep up, with the loads



Showing Skulls of Germans—probably an unearthened grave.

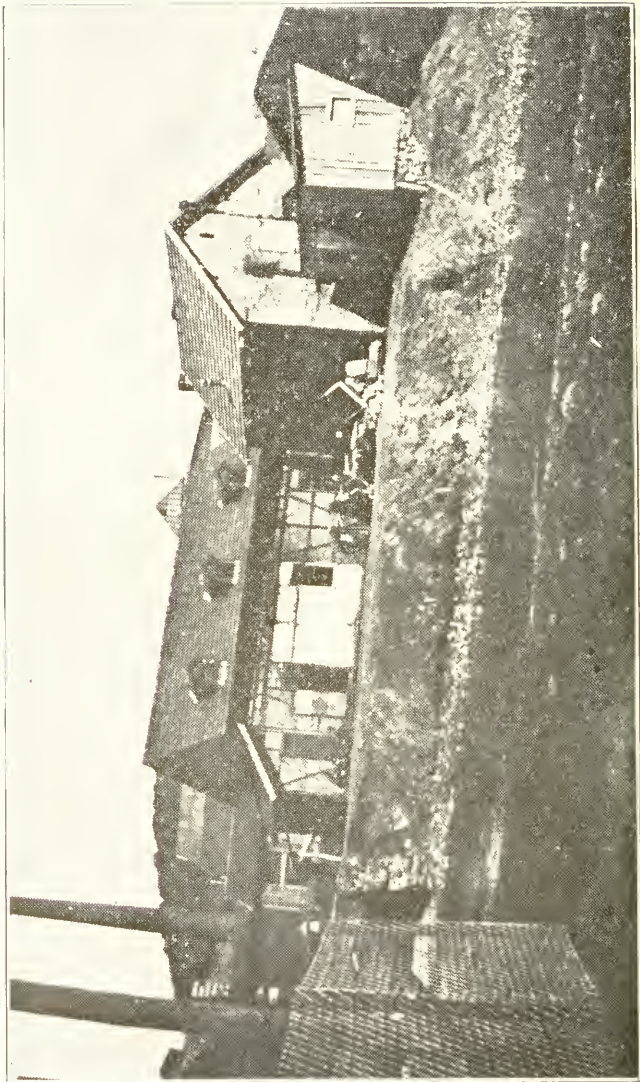
that we had. Arriving that evening about one and a half miles south of Montfaucon in the woods by that name, we camped for the night.

Next morning about 7:00 A. M., we were on the move again, passing through Montfaucon, the once beautiful city, and around the hill towards the northeast where we camped close to a bunch of buildings that had previously been occupied by the Crown Prince of Germany, when he was behind the lines of the German front line directing the fates of battle, but now used by our Battalion Headquarters.

On the nights of the 21st after a few hours' rest and recuperation, we moved on in a northerly direction, past Nantillois, in cadence to the guns barking on our right and left. Passing through as best we could, a changing French battery, we trailed on over hill and dale, through the fast-passing night and finally about 1:00 A. M. arrived at a position just east of Romagne, where we relieved a very much tired-out bunch of the 5th Division men. Having holes already dug, we piled into them and managed under the artillery fire of the night or early next morning, to lose only one man killed outright, but a couple were wounded. Here we had our meals brought up by a detail of men, sent back from the company to kitchens about two kilos in the rear of the front.

After holding this position for almost forty-eight hours at 3:30 P. M. of October 23rd, we went "over the top." While standing or sitting, awaiting the zero hour, we saw a battery of German guns knock the church steeple off the church at Cunel, to our east.

We had, as an objective, the side of a hill just the other side of Bantheville. When the zero hour arrived, 3:30, we started off to face—we did not know what—and I think it was a good thing; and as we got just east of Bantheville, which K Company was wiping up, we were greeted by a heavy fire of machine guns, gas and shrapnel which we weathered quite successfully, although a few were wounded and some killed. Yet we pressed on until we were even with the road that runs from Bantheville to Cunel, where it was that Captain Harry E. Windebank was hit in the pit of the stomach by a German shell and killed instantly, for he was literally blown to pieces, and those of us who were directly behind him on his raised position, got our helmets covered with bits of flesh and blood. Here it was, also, that John W. Havens was gassed. After Captain Windebank's death, Lieutenant Sammons took charge of the company, and as we had not reached our "objective" by three-quarters of a mile, the orders were given to platoon leaders to get ready to move across the brook Andon, which flowed through the valley a quarter of a mile to our left, run-



Company M Barracks and Mess Room

ning from north to south. Accordingly the word was sent out to move forward. It was now beginning to get dusk, and firing had ceased. Here we lost F. C. Morey who was a Battalion scout, killed in Bantheville, whose father was awarded a Croix de Guerre at Oklahoma City, Okla., September 23, 1919, for him. We arrived on the side of the hill and began getting in shape so that lines of defense could be drawn up. Two lines were formed and accordingly the men started digging. The moon had come up, but even with all the light, the Germans sent up their flares every now and then to illuminate the skyline to see if any Americans were in sight. As we found out later, most of the enemy were mere boys and only enough men had been left behind to keep them steady.

We remained in this position from October 23rd to October 31st. During this time several men were wounded. Our kitchens were located in the fir thicket at Romagne, three and a half kilos back from the front from whence the "chow" was brought up to us, sometimes under heavy artillery fire of shrapnel and gas.

On the first day of our stay here K Company endeavored to gain their objective, which they had not quite reached the night before, so tried it again; but with such a terrible loss that M Company had to send a platoon over to help reinforce them, in charge of Sergeant J. D. Duncan, the other platoons being under Sergeants J. H. Sisk, and Marvin Rice. While in this position the German planes dropped bombs on us, sometimes flying as low as a hundred feet from the ground.

On the night of the 31st we moved back one and a half kilos south of Romagne, relieved by the 359th Infantry. Here we stayed about twenty-four hours and got a little rest and mail; and on the afternoon of the 1st we moved out towards the left of Romagne, where we stayed all night, moving out about 7:00 A. M. the next morning, up past Bantheville on the left, over the ground we had taken and held for seven days; on over the hill across a small creek, up on the side of the next hill, about a mile and a half northwest of Amercville, where we spent a very rainy afternoon and night.

About 6:00 the next morning we got up in the dark and had breakfast, ready to move out by 7:00 A. M. which we did, to the Battalion Headquarters, where we stayed until about 7:30. Then we moved towards the north where at 8:10 A. M. we pushed through the 359th Infantry and on to the Meuse, without a shot being fired, the men, leaving surplus blankets and overcoats behind to be taken care of by acting Supply Sergeant. Arriving about two hundred yards from the Meuse river, at the Sedan-Metz railroad, the command was given to dig in along the railroad, which was done.

We remained here from the evening of the 3rd to the evening of the 9th, when we were on the move again. Sassey-sur-Meuse was on our right about a half mile, Mont-devt-Sass y south, and Stenay about ten kilos directly north, up the river Meuse. Our kitchen was in an old stone building, at Mont, and "chow" was carried out to us every meal by a detail of men from the company. We were harassed more or less with long-distance fire from German guns. German planes were to be seen at times as well as Allied ones.

On the evening of the 9th of November we moved away from the shell-torn and dynamited railroad track, crossing the river Mense at Sassey, over the repaired bridge that had been blown up by retreating Germans, and down the pike road and off to one side, where we lay down to rest, while waiting for further orders.

About 10:00 P. M. we received orders to move out, which we did at once, passing in a northerly direction up the pike road along the side of the Canal de L'Est, which had been wrecked in places and the water had covered the lowland. We marched and marched up that pike road, between the beautiful row of trees in the starlight night and about twelve midnight we came in to Mouzay, which place was inhabited by about six hundred French people, and which the Germans were heavily bombarding at that particular time.

We had to stop once or twice because of the intenseness of the fire that was being directed on the main street of the town through which we were marching in single file. Company L of the Battalion was in the lead. Here it was that their Captain Marx was wounded. We went through Mouzay and out to some open ground to the north of the town, and there, in what turned out to be the coldest night we experienced in our fighting, we lay down to sleep, striving to keep warm, and to await orders which at last came at 3:00 A. M. We began to move out around Mouzay to the north and across a small creek with a good deal of difficulty, one fellow even losing his gun and several others something else of their belongings in crossing the narrow foot-board provided for the crossing of the troops.

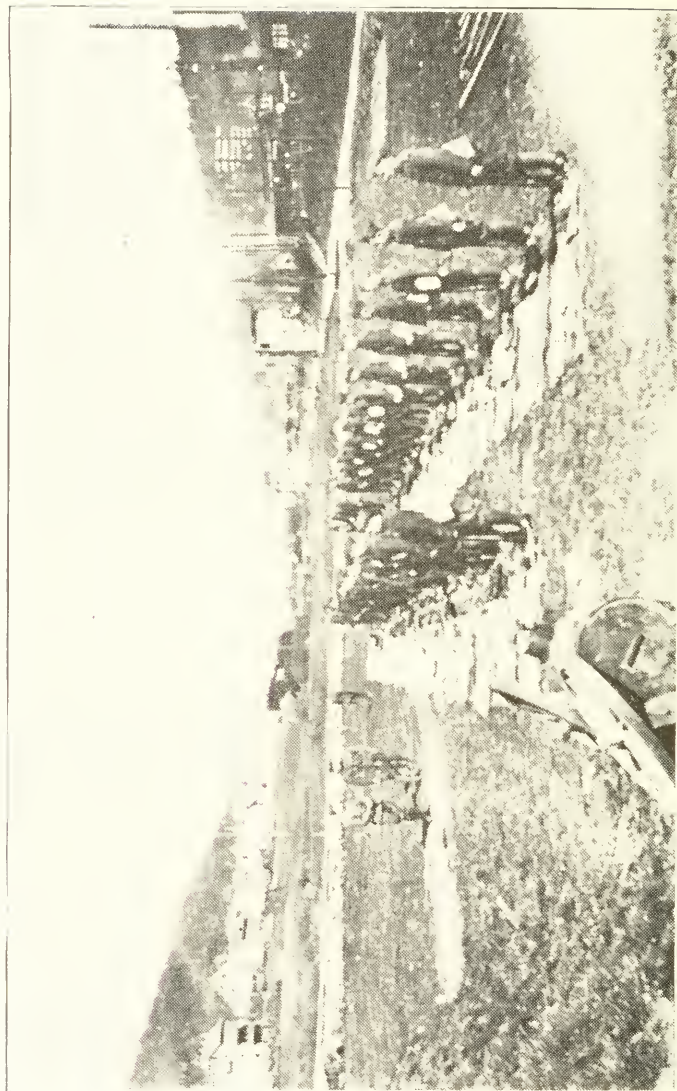
We all got across finally, and about 4:00 A. M. started to advance on what proved to be the city or village of Baalon. We stormed the heights and gained the downward slope of the hill towards Baalon, in the early morning and just as soon as the Germans gained news of our arrival by reason of our shooting and visibility, they immediately ordered a barrage, which came in double-quick time, to our loss and discomfiture. Soon we were being showered with shrapnel as well as plugged with countless machine-gun bullets which came from the church tower downtown and other places of prominence. We

also had the honor of being located close to several large piles of German ammunition. After an hour or two the Germans succeeded in setting fire to the piles, so we were showered from all sides.

On account of the fact that there had been so many bridges blown up and the roads mined, the artillery could not get up to support us, so we were without support of that character the whole day through. All we could do was to get the most protection in our holes, for we had dug them early in the day, and take whatever came. We even got some long-range shells here, and when they were heard coming—with their usual or unusual whine (whichever you care to call it) we were always in a state of flatness close to the bottom of our holes, for generally the large shells threw pieces of shrapnel every which way and some times they would come with the swiftness of lightning and the purring buzz of a bee which had gotten angry at you, then as the shell would hit the object, tree or ground, there would be a decided smack or concussion and then all would be quiet for a few seconds. Then the fun would start again.

During this scrap privates George L. Patterson, and R. C. Siffing, both Battalion runners, were killed—in the late afternoon in the last few hours of battle, and during the day we had many wounded, among them being Bugler Jack Jones, Sergeants Marvin L. Rice, and James D. Duncan. About 3:30 we received orders to get in readiness to go over the top at 4:30 P. M. but when the zero hour arrived other orders had come.

Owing to what happened the next day we knew that they had been changed on account of the signing of the Armistice at 10:00 o'clock on November 11th, 1918. During the night of November 10th P. M. we were relieved by Company A of the 360th Infantry at 9:00 P. M. and as soon as they came in, we moved back through Mouzay and on to the south to the little settlement of Charmois, about two kilos southeast of Mouzay, where we slept in a barn until morning. Here Paul Gross was shot accidentally with a 45 calibre automatic, and was sent to the hospital.



Inspection of Co. M at Paitz Junkerath, Germany, May 13, 1919

OUR RELIEF; MARCH INTO GERMANY; AND SOJOURN THERE.

Here we received the news of the signing of the Armistice, and as the artillery fire had ceased we could do nothing but believe it. Here Lieutenant G. L. Cleere came to us. On the morning of the 12th of November we moved into Mouzay for billets (with the rest of the third Battalion). On the 20th of November we saw President Poincare of France, who was given a great welcome. This was our home until the 24th of November, when we started on our long and never-to-be-forgotten march into Germany. During our stay here, we received mail, some new clothes, some new equipment and a good rest, even if on a cement floor. Here also we received the midnight baths, at the "Delouser" to get rid of our friends the **cooties**, of which everyone, almost, had his share.

During the first part of this period we received Captain William P. Yeager, who was originally Lieutenant of L Company of our Battalion, and who remained with us till we left Newport News for Camp Pike to disband.

On November 24th we left Mouzay, marching through Baalon, Montmedy, Verneuil and arriving at Torgny, Belgium, where we stayed until the 30th of November. While at Torgny we ate a "Thanksgiving dinner" of rabbit (Belgium hare) and chicken. Hog was \$1.00 a pound. This was the first and only time we really stayed in Belgium.

Leaving Belgium, we passed through Velosnes, Epiez, Tellancourt, where we spent the night. Next day we bid Tellancourt goodbye, passing through Cosnes, Longwy, Longaville and on to Rodange, at which place we stayed all night. The morning of the second of December we left and passed through the outskirts of Luxembourg City, and on to the southeast, to Itzig. Leaving Itzig on the third, we passed through Sandweiler, Oetrange, Canach, to Neiderdorven, where we spent the night.

Leaving there, we passed through Grevenmacher, where we crossed the Moselle River, and on up the right bank of the river to the city of Oberbiling, Germany, where we spent our first night in Germany. Here also, in one of the places where our company was billeted, it was said, ex-President Roosevelt had stayed. Leaving here, we marched on northeast through Trier (Treves) Germany, December 8th, 1918, about 1:00 P. M., and stopping for the night at Ruwer. Here were billeted in an old mediaeval church and barn.

We had traveled enough in Germany ere this to appreciate the many pretty sights to be seen along the way in natural

scenery and were becoming used to walking so that it did not bother us much. However, some fell out constantly. Leaving Ruwer we passed through Kenn, and on to Fohren, where we were billeted in houses and barns.

We drew the "Leather Jerkins" here but they were not issued out till we arrived at Junkerath, Germany. We were on our way as usual the next day, and passing through Hetzerath, Dorbach, Salmrohr, and on into Wittlich, the largest town we had stayed in on our march. Almost every one was billeted in beds, or at least in houses, anyway, not barns. Here we saw our first moving pictures after coming off the front.

We arrived at this place on the evening of December 11th and at 7:00 A. M. the next day we were ready to go on our way rejoicing up the hill (as it proved to be) passing on the way Nosborn and Greimerath, arriving in the late afternoon at Lutzerath, passing through some of the prettiest country we were destined to see while in Germany, not discounting the Rhineland. But with the natural beauties came physical toil for here it was, just five kilos from Lutzerath, that the Regiment was held back to give the wagon train a lift up a very steep long hill.

We remained in Lutzerath two days and then back-tracked to Stotzbusch, afterward passing through Immerath, Mehren to Schalkenmehren, where we passed the night, then back-tracked to Mehren, and on to Daun, Docweiler and to Dreis, where we spent another night. Here we met the 357th Infantry band, which had marched ahead of us. We marched to time past where they were standing.

Next morning in the rain we were off as usual passing through Stroleich, Hillesheim, Birgel to Junkerath, where we arrived on the afternoon of December 16th, 1918, and were billeted in an old Opera House at the Beer Joint.

After being in billets for a few days here, we moved over close to the foundry where later on the whole company was billeted with the exception of a few who were billeted in a German apartment house, and of the officers, who were billeted in private homes. Soon after our arrival, Lieutenants J. C. Mehl and Alfred Beckwith joined us.

It was not till early spring, during February and March, that the mess hall was built. Sometimes we worked on Sunday on this building, which all the men resented very much, and one Sunday the Colonel came by and stopped it.

As usual we kept up our appearances in reviews, parades and always took active part in any shoots, or any problems that were pulled off for the third Battalion. Of course we had our share of Battalion Guard to keep up and then, too, we had for a long time a special guard, up at Depot, to oversee passes, etc., of Germans passing through on trains.

The Guard was composed part of the time of Sergeant J. T. Hall and James H. Sisk, and their helpers, including J. L. Clay, D. M. Denham, J. E. Dennison, P. L. Dorn, A. L. Dorsey, J. W. Ewoldt, C. J. Fox, O. C. Gipson, A. M. Hames, W. N. Hardiman, Malcolm Laird, Peter E. R. Miller, G. H. Mueller, E. W. Peterson, H. W. Porepp, E. T. Renz, John Sares, David Sparks, John Schafer, and L. F. Ashbrook. Others who were on special or detached service were as follows: E. A. Shell, at School, O. B. Linqvist, at Battalion Headquarters; R. C. Melby, on Basket and Base Ball Teams; Earl Witten, Thomas G. Collins, T. W. Jones, scouts and snipers; James Montgomery, Seventh Army Corps Headquarters; E. T. Poole, Supply Sergeant; P. O. Mullinax and F. E. Santineau, Mechanics; J. D. Dickenson, Officers Mess; W. N. Mandis and F. J. Hamer, Officer's Orderlies; P. E. Uebler, Mail Man with C. M. Splawn as company Runner, and Gano McGuffin, Battalion Runner, while Roy W. Wallace and T. J. Shell became our carpenter and painter respectively. Clyde Pearrow and John Cocoran became our company photographers and took many nice pictures. Along towards the last of our stay at Junkerath, we developed a company bootblack in the person of R. E. George; a store keeper in the person of E. O. Trepanier, and D. S. Koulaxises, who became a cook (our chocolate maker) up at Y. M. C. A., who served us with nice, warm chocolate on snowy nights, while on guard.

While here we had the pleasure of a Y. M. C. A. building and its transient shows and moving pictures, and a library of books which was always in use. We always had plenty to do if nothing else but drill, no matter how few were present. Many times as few as a squad of men were taken out and drilled during the winter when snow was falling or was already on the ground. Here it was, that we enjoyed our first warm bath since leaving the United States. And so it was, with parades, inspections, and reviews to keep us in trim, we finally passed down through the days, weeks and months when the "Big" Inspection came off - in the nature of Divisional Inspection at Wengerohr, Germany.

On April 23rd the Company left by train for Wengerohr where General Pershing inspected and reviewed the whole Division and it was said it was one of the best that had passed an inspection and review, "Over there." Returning by train the next day, April 24th, 1918, we remained, training and drilling as usual until May 18th, when we bade adieu to Junkerath and all of our German friends there. During our last stretch of a week or so here our venerable and famous First Sergeant Dumont was transferred to Headquarters Garage Detachment, 3rd Army Headquarters, at Coblenz, so our Senior line Sergeant Alonzo Hays was made first Sergeant, which office he retained until we were disbanded.

OUR TRIP TO ST. NAZAIRE; VOYAGE BACK AND FINAL DISBANDING.

On the morning of May 18th after the usual round of packing, cleaning-up around barracks, etc., we left Junkerath for Oberbettingen, where we arrived after a few hours' walk in time to get dinner at the usual hour, and the regiment was divided in two sections, our Company being divided in half, or almost half, part going with first section at 12:00 A. M., and the second section, with forty-five men, at 12:00 P. M., the same night.

The men who went on the second section had an opportunity to see something of just what the Verdun battlefield looked like. Indeed, it was a sight worth seeing, too, with its shell-torn ground, its barbed wire, its many razed towns and shell-wrecked buildings in many places and the utter desolation which was to be seen on every hand. But even with all this utter ruin, God had not forgotten, because the flowers were blooming and, at one place, right out in the heart of the deserted battlefield, there was growing and in bloom, one of the prettiest purple Iris (commonly called Flags) I ever saw, lifting its head heavenward. The trip continued without eventfulness, the men sleeping, eating, and having as good a time as possible in our Pullman cars (American box cars), forty men to the car, with filled straw ticks. The scenery down through Germany and into France and to the coast was varied, and in the coastal region of France down close to St. Nazaire, where we went, one was reminded of the old style Dutch (Holland) wind-mills, which were everywhere in evidence, and used for grinding. We arrived at St. Nazaire on the afternoon of the 22nd of May, at 2:30.

We marched first to Camp No. 1, or receiving camp, and after staying there about twenty-four hours went over to Camp No. 2, where we had a "Cootie" bath and received our last mail in Europe. Here we had a chance to get well rested, and on the evening of the 26th of May, we marched to the wharf and embarked for home on the U. S. S. Huron, originally "Frederick the Gross," the ship that the Kaiser sailed around the world on, a few years ago.

We were all loaded on at 11:30 P. M., and the ship left dock soon afterwards. We were out of sight of land by morning. So began our homeward journey. Conditions were much better coming home than going across. We had more to eat and better quality, and much more freedom than coming over, even though it took ninety men to furnish the guard for one

day. We had some lovely weather coming back, but when half way across or on last Sunday out, we ran into some rough water; but with only the usual amount of seasickness.

We had two canteens to buy goods to eat from, coming back, and only one to buy from, going over. We had books, magazines, and papers to read. We could write and sleep and there was quite a lot of card playing. I recollect seeing as many as a dozen games on one end of the boat at one time. We were on the water eleven days and arrived at port, Newport News, June 7th, 1919, disembarking about 7:00 A. M. We were met at the entrance of the bay by the Governor of Oklahoma and his wife and party. We had over three thousand soldiers on board coming home.

We were marched to Camp Stuart, where we proceeded to get a little rest and a few good things to eat. We had an abundance of ice cream, oranges, cake, bananas, etc., to eat extra from our Company fund which surely did taste good. Here it was that the Company was divided and the northern men sent out on the train on the 12th of June to their respective camps.

We were put in charge of another Lieutenant and on the afternoon of the 13th we, who were bound for Oklahoma, entrained about four o'clock. At length we arrived at Camp Pike, on the morning of the 16th of June, via Richmond, Va., Montgomery, Ala., and Memphis, Tennessee.

We were duly detrained from our pullmans (real pullmans) and marched to the examining board and run through as usual, and then sent to billets where we stayed until discharged.

During the wait for discharge we ate ice cream, cake, bananas, oranges, melons and drank lemonade to our fill. On the morning of June 20th, 1919, the company was discharged, with the exception of Sergeants Jewel Fullerton, Company Clerk; Virgil Brown and Conrad H. Marshall, who were discharged on the morning of the 21st of June, 1919. All men who were discharged were given all back pay due them, any deposits that they had made and the \$60 bonus due each soldier as per law enacted by Congress. It was with a great deal of enthusiasm that the boys finally bade the camp goodbye and some proceeded at once to become civilians by purchasing civilian clothes. Others still seem to like soldier clothes by the way they wear them.

CONRAD H. MARSHALL,

Ft. Cobb, Oklahoma,

September 13, 1919

LIST OF OFFICERS

According To Arrival In Company.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. H. E. Windebank. | |
| 2. W. L. Mays. | 9. R. W. Everts. |
| 3. T. E. D. Hackney. | 10. G. A. DeLong. |
| 4. Otto G. Tumlinson. | 11. W. B. Mershon |
| 5. Gus G. Rosenberg. | 12. G. L. Cleere. |
| 6. Geo. L. Clarke. | 13. W. P. Yeager. |
| 7. J. B. Sammons. | 14. J. C. Mehl. |
| 8. F. M. Cook. | 15. Alfred Beckwith. |

COMPLETE ROSTER OF M COMPANY, 357TH INFANTRY

Enlisted Men.

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Anderson, M. H. | 46. Clift, J. C. |
| 2. Anderson, C. O. | 47. Collins, T. G. |
| 3. Anderson, Olen. | 48. Connelly, T. J. |
| 4. Armstrong, Will. | 49. Corcoran, Hugh |
| 5. Ashbrook, L. F. | 50. Corcoran, John |
| 6. Baker, R. F. | 51. Cox, A. L. |
| 7. Baldwin, H. L. | 52. Cox, Floyd |
| 8. Barker, Charley. | 53. Cooper, B. W. B. |
| 9. Barnes, I. E. | 54. Corn, C. E. |
| 10. Barry, B. M. | 55. Crow, M. W. |
| 11. Bass, E. J. | 56. Crockett, O. T. |
| 12. Beaty, Frank. | 57. Crispell, T. P. |
| 13. Bible, Jim. | 58. Curtis, C. T. |
| 14. Bishop, J. P. | 59. Davis, W. B. |
| 15. Black, V. S. | 60. Dahlin, O. J. |
| 16. Bowers, A. F. | 61. Damewood, Stanley |
| 17. Bower, J. F. | 62. Davenport, F. G. |
| 18. Boruch, Bolstow. | 63. Day, Roy |
| 19. Box, G. K. | 64. Day, F. A. |
| 20. Bordenkircher, Eugene | 65. Dakins, Alonzo |
| 21. Bradley, R. L. | 66. Denham, D. M. |
| 22. Bradley, A. B. | 67. Denham, J. T. |
| 23. Brantl, J. J. | 68. Dent, I. E. |
| 24. Brown, V. L. | 69. Derr, E. V. |
| 25. Brown, L. J. | 70. De Clarke, Rene |
| 26. Brogdon, L. D. | 71. De Barry, J. W. |
| 27. Browning, Luther. | 72. Dennison, J. E. |
| 28. Bryant, Frankie | 73. Deitz, B. E. |
| 29. Cadutto, Frank | 74. Dickerson, J. D. |
| 30. Canady, Harwood | 75. Dingus, K. C. |
| 31. Carlson, Elmer | 76. Dobkins, J. E. |
| 32. Carter, G. H. | 77. Dorn, P. L. |
| 33. Carter, T. M. | 78. Dorsey, A. L. |
| 34. Carey, J. H. | 79. Dostal, Frank |
| 35. Casey, J. H. | 80. Drew, H. D. |
| 36. Cedarholm, L. M. | 81. Driggers, Lewis |
| 37. Cheadle, H. V. | 82. Duncan, J. D. |
| 38. Chilton, J. S. | 83. Dunn, Robert |
| 39. Chisenhall, W. L. | 84. Dumont, F. E. |
| 40. Chose, Amund. | 85. Edge, R. L. |
| 41. Christenson, K. A. | 86. Edwards, A. W. |
| 42. Christie, Alexander. | 87. Ell, Frank |
| 43. Church, G. R. | 88. Embry, Melvin |
| 44. Churchwell, Omar. | 89. Ent, M. C. |
| 45. Clay, J. L. | 90. Enright, D. E. |

91. Enberg, O. E.
92. Enterline, E. W.
93. Esboldt, William
94. Etzel, E. A.
95. Evans, Dudley
96. Ewoldt, J. W.
97. Fancher, O. R.
98. Fenner, E. A.
99. Ferguson, J. H.
100. Fisher, Reinhold
101. Fitzsimmons, C. E.
102. Flack, Claud
103. Fogus, D. H.
104. Fox, C. J.
105. Ford, T. L.
106. Fowler, O. E.
107. Franklin, A. W.
108. French, R. G.
109. Frogue, W. H.
110. Fullerton, Jewell
111. Fuqua, J. E.
112. Gayer, H. D.
113. Galloway, Frank
114. Geary, J. L.
115. Gerads, J. H.
116. Gentry, H. G.
117. George, R. E.
118. Gipson, O. C.
119. Gilbert, H. J.
120. Gore, H. M.
121. Gosenburg, Ray
122. Goodtraveler, F. R.
123. Gowen, A. L.
124. Gross, Paul.
125. Grad, Abraham.
126. Green, B. Y.
127. Griffen, J. H.
128. Grosclouse, F. C.
129. Hamer, F. J.
130. Hall, J. T.
131. Hames, A. M.
132. Hammond, A. W.
133. Hanson, C. J.
134. Hansen, Chris.
135. Harrison, W. L.
136. Havens, J. W.
137. Hays, Alonzo
138. Hays, G. W.
139. Hardiman, W. N.
140. Hawkins, Cliffe
141. Hartman, William
142. Hein, C. H.
143. Hendricks, C. M.
144. Hester, W. G.
145. Heifner, Edd
146. Hennings, W. H.
147. Henry, L. H.
148. Henson, Eddie
149. Hicks, E. G.
150. Hicks, J. W. L.
151. Hickman, L. M.
152. Higgerson, James
153. Hill, Sam
154. Hines, L. H.
155. Holland, M. A.
156. Hollars, J. L.
157. Holtz, C. T.
158. Hopper, C. A.
159. Hosmer, J. H.
160. Hull, C. D.
161. Hutton, Glenwood
162. Hughes, J. E.
163. Hughes, J. S.
164. Hylton, P. E.
165. Jones, Charlie
166. Jones, R. C.
167. Jones, T. W.
168. Jones, W. E.
169. Johnson, Nelson
170. Johnson, Larey
171. Kizer, M. G.
172. Kitts, Otto.
173. Kirk, Lindsey
174. Knox, O. W.
175. Koenigs, J. H.
176. Koufaxises, D. S.
177. Kruger, Anton
178. Kuwitsky, E. L.
179. Laird, Malcolm
180. Lemaster, J. T.
181. Leonard, Cicero
182. Liakouras, C.
183. Lindquist, O. B.
184. Liabaire, F. C.
185. Lorange, R. M.
186. Louk, R. L.
187. Lowrie, H. J.
188. Machenheimer, A. W.

189. Malone, Redford
190. Mandis, W. N.
191. Marshall, C. H.
192. Marshall, B. T.
193. Massey, C. I.
194. Massey, C. H.
195. Matheny, Walter
196. Massengale, B. H.
197. McMahan, A. J.
198. McAdams, J. H.
199. McClain, J. D.
200. McVey, J. B.
201. McAndrews, P. J.
202. McCoy, H. W.
203. McGuffin, Gano
204. McKeever, J. F.
205. Mehigan, J. J.
206. Melby, R. C.
207. Merrill, C. M.
208. Methvin, F. B.
209. Mechanic, Frank
210. Melton, W. S.
211. Mekinzie, R. L.
212. Miller, P. E. R.
213. Miller, William
214. Mielke, G. W. H.
215. Milligan, W. B.
216. Milliken, J. C.
- 216½. Millwee, Leonard
217. Moore, J. N.
218. Montgomery, James
219. Morey, F. C.
220. Mosely, Fred.
221. Morris, J. C. T.
222. Moyer, R. W.
223. Mountrichas, Evangelos.
224. Mowry, H. L.
225. Mueller, G. H.
226. Mullanax, P. O.
227. Muldowney, R. P.
228. Mullinix, T. R.
229. Mullins, W. F.
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231. Myers, C. R.
232. Myers, M. C.
233. Nassaman, John
234. Nall, J. D.
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236. Nichols, O. L.
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244. Olson, J. E.
245. O'Neill, John
246. Orick, O. J.
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321. Stow, E. K.
323. Stow, E. A.
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